

Vol. 2 No. 2



THE
CENTER
OF
VISION
NOVEMBER--1903

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Center of Vision.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 2.

The CENTER OF VISION is published by the pupils of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, on the third Wednesday of every month during the school year, and only important news matter can be received after the 10th of the month. Matter for insertion may be left with any of the editorial staff, or mailed to the editor at the Normal Art School. In contributing, write on one side of the paper only, and sign full name (this is for reference only).

Communications should be addressed, according to their nature, to the editor, business manager, or exchange editor.

Manuscript must be accompanied by necessary postage to insure its return.

Terms, 75 cents per year.

Single copies 10 cents.

SOMERVILLE JOURNAL PRINT.

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Now the season of Thanksgiving is almost upon us. What does that word suggest? First of all that enters our minds is—turkey. A great, brown, roast turkey, with sage dressing. Cranberries, celery, plum pudding, mince pie, pumpkin pie, nuts, apples, etc., etc. You know the rest, indigestion for two days afterward, for which our wise Board of Education has made provision by giving us a short vacation. Or does Thanksgiving suggest the great football games, to which we go clothed

in sweaters and enthusiasm, and stamp our cold feet for two hours on grandstand or bleachers, while we yell ourselves hoarse over the exploits of our favorite bunch of padded giants on the frozen field? Results, a bad cold and a frog-in-the-throat for a week or more. How few there are who ever think of Thanksgiving as the day our forefathers founded, nearly three centuries ago, for the purpose that our governor annually announces in his proclamation, to give thanks to Almighty God for His bounties toward us. We, of this school, should be grateful for what it is to be feared we do not fully appreciate,—a free education, in a beautiful and well-equipped building provided by the state, with the best instruction that can be obtained, and all possible privileges and opportunities for making of ourselves all that we are capable of becoming along art lines. Let us not forget this next Thursday.



The standard of designs entered in the competition this month was much higher than it has ever been before. The judges, two members of the faculty, decided on the cover we publish as the best. The designer, "The Raven," has fairly earned the prize, and may obtain it by applying to the treasurer.



We intend, in each of the next six numbers, to publish a half-tone reproduction of the best work done in each of six departments of our school. The series will begin in December, with a photograph of the best work in the modelling department.



There are always those people who talk of the glory of by-gone days, and we like to listen to them, for often we thus obtain a stimulus for greater effort. We have heard a great deal said of the social events, the costume parties, masquerade balls, etc., that used to be held in this school, and frequently this account is followed by the remark, "There couldn't be such a thing now. Nobody would get it up, nobody would attend it." What do you say, schoolmates, would you like a costume party? Will you help on it? Will you attend? The CENTER OF VISION can only suggest; if this appeals to you, carry it out.



'06 and '07 teams are ready for hockey, only waiting for the ice. Mr. Hatch, '06, and Mr. McGrath, '07, are the managers.

The Massachusetts Normal Art School.

The Massachusetts Normal Art School was the offspring of an absolute necessity.

In the year 1870 an act was passed by the State Legislature which required the maintenance of free industrial drawing schools in all cities of the Commonwealth whose population should number 10,000 and upwards, and also that the subject of drawing should be introduced into all day schools of the state.

But very soon it was found altogether impracticable to realize to any satisfactory degree the advantages contemplated by such legislation, owing to the lack of competent teachers. Since, therefore, none could be found, the state was obliged to make them or rescind the act.

Therefore the State Legislature in the spring of 1873 authorized the sergeant-at-arms, with the counsel and approval of the State Commissioners, to assign the rooms on the upper floor of a dwelling house, No. 33 Pemberton square, to the Board of Education for the use of a State Normal Art School, and granted the sum of \$7,500 for its expenses during its first year.

Thus humbly did the school, whose influence was to reach within a decade of years to nearly every state of our Union, begin its life. A special Board of Visitors to watch over and care for its interests was chosen from the members of the State Board of Education. These visitors were Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, Rev. Phillips Brooks, and Hon. Henry Chapin. The school was placed under the special charge of Walter Smith, who had recently come hither from England, where he had been director of one of the Government Art Schools, and who was at this time already serving the state as superintendent of its general art study.

Two thoroughly able and accomplished teachers, educated in the English Art Schools, were engaged to give instruction—George H. Bartlett, who had also acquired much experience in practical art industries, and Mary E. Carter.

The school was opened in November, 1873, with 133 pupils, several of whom were already art teachers, but who felt so thoroughly the need of such a school that they desired not only to add to its numbers, but to encourage its growth by their influence.

The curriculum of study for the first year was the simple one which, with few changes, has always comprised the work of "Class A." Lec-

tures on the mechanical subjects were given by the following specialists: Professors W. R. Ware and S. Edward Warren, of the Institute of Technology, Professor C. D. Bray, of Tufts College, and Lucas Baker, of Charlestown.

A great spirit of enthusiasm was felt by all the pupils. They endured without complaint, even with gladness, the limited spaces allotted them, closely filled the studios, overflowed the attic lecture room, and crowded the staircase leading to it as far as the voice of the lecturer could reach, and rejoiced with thankfulness in the long-coveted opportunities for laying a broad and firm foundation for art study which the Commonwealth had bestowed upon them.

The results of the year's work were satisfactory to the Board of Visitors, and it soon became apparent that the school was meeting the public need. At the beginning of its second year there were 239 pupils, and two additional teachers were chosen from the pupils of the preceding year—William Briggs, an Englishman, who had come to this country with Mr. Smith, and Miss Deristhe L. Hoyt, of Malden.

Additional rooms were now secured for the use of the school on the first and second floors of No. 24 Pemberton square. There the first "Class B" studied during two days of each week—this being all the time which could be allotted to it in the crowded curriculum of work. The rooms were so wholly unsuited to the requirements of art study that it is a source of wonder anything at all worthy could have been accomplished there. Without enthusiasm it could not have been done. Fortunately, however, this quality was more abundant than space or good light, and saved the year's work from being a failure.

The school furnished no books of reference; it was too poor to provide lectures for Class B. How could the pupils prepare for the long and exhaustive examinations on general art topics that loomed up at the end of the year?

This enthusiasm solved the question. The "Massachusetts Art Teachers' Association" was formed. The work of collecting authoritative information on different topics was distributed among the members, and at weekly meetings papers were read which afterwards were printed and gathered together for the use of the members. These papers subsequently were published, with the addition of a lecture on "True Greatness," by Walter Smith, and a preface by Charles C. Perkins, always a staunch friend and helper of the school, in a book called "The Antefix Papers," a name given by Mr. Perkins. It was a product of which the school, to whatever height it may rise, need never be ashamed.

a monument to the indomitable will of the first Class B of the Normal Art School.

Meanwhile, Class A, in No. 33 Pemberton square, was more crowded than ever, and as the year drew to its close, the Board of Visitors leased ten rooms in School-street block, No. 28 School street, for a term of five years.

The new "Class C" remained at No. 33 Pemberton square. Classes A, B, and D (prematurely formed in order to enable the school to make a complete exhibition at the coming Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia) went to School street. Otto Fuchs, formerly teacher of drawing at Naval Academy, Annapolis, and Miss Grace Carter were added to the corps of instructors. Teaching was now given in Class A and Class B five days each week, and the character of work produced grew steadily in worth. An evening class was established for those who were unable to attend in the daytime, and many public school teachers in Boston and suburban towns, as well as artisans, availed themselves of this opportunity for the study of drawing.

In this new home, whither, after a little time, Class C came (thus uniting all classes under one roof), the school remained for five years, and developed rapidly from uncertain childhood into promising youth.

Its work gained hearty recognition and appreciation at the Centennial Exhibition, where it furnished the first systematic course of art study ever shown in the United States. Its influence soon began to be manifest throughout, as its pupils became teachers and directors of drawing in various towns and cities, and as the years passed on this influence was felt in other states of the Union,—an ever-widening power,—and, better than aught else for its future welfare, public opinion began to recognize the usefulness of the school and its claim to a more hearty support.

As a proof of this, the State Legislature set apart for a term of seven years a lot of land on Copley square, now occupied by the Public Library, with the proviso that a suitable art school building should be erected within that time. (This land was afterwards exchanged for a lot on corner of Newbury and Exeter streets.)

[To be continued.]



Henry T. Bailey writes: "I am greatly interested in the little magazine. I feel like congratulating the school upon this evidence of being alive."

Mr. Bailey is not the only prominent alumnus who has expressed his views in a similar way.

Fares, Please!

Not so very long ago a crowd of fellows were talking over the work they had done during the past summer. Some had been waiters at summer hotels, and had "thrown grub" to the satisfaction of hungry guests; others had tried clerking, working in offices, and a few—a very few—had loafed. One fellow tried the gentle life of a street car conductor—that is, he said that "formerly he had an idea, as so many people have, that the work was a snap, and that all a conductor had to do was to walk along the running board and pick up fares, incidentally forgetting to ring in half of them. Let me tell you this: When a conductor's arm gets 'tired' (that is a technical expression), he is given a leave of absence until the arm gets rested. It's funny, but in the company's eye the arm never gets rested.

"But the ladies! They are very pleasing and very painful. I never took much stock in them until I had to help them on and off the car. There is the certain kind—you just take them lightly by the elbow, and they float up or down. Then there is another kind who have to be hoisted on the car, and a hoisting crane would be a welcome addition to a car equipment.

"As soon as a passenger gets comfortably seated, and sometimes before, the conductor is expected to pick up the fare. So he goes 'over the side' and holds out his hand. Well, what does he get? A nickel? Not if the passenger knows it. It is five coppers, perhaps (a few dollars in coppers in one's pocket, with the other change carried, makes a heavy load); or it is a fifty-cent piece, or a dollar or two-dollar bill, and often a five. With a five-dollar bill the temptation to return \$4.95 in coppers is awful. One is justified in returning a dollar in coppers.

"A great many times a transfer, of more or less questionable age, is presented. The rule book of the railway says that transfers should be young in years. And what happens when you look over the transfer? The passenger remarks, rather sarcastically, 'That is fresh. Did you think I would use a stale transfer?' etc. Many times a transfer is found old, and that tired joke of 'He must have punched it wrong' is brought into the sunshine again. On holidays, and other times when the cars are crowded, a smart trick is to avoid paying fare.

"I hope you are not getting tired, but I must speak of the little cherubs who torment a conductor's guesser. They line up in the street, and it is up to the conductor to get off and pile them on the car. It

is astonishing, even alarming, how many children never get beyond five years old! I never saw so many under five as I saw during the summer. If the coming generation doesn't hustle over that figure 5, there will be a gap in history. This subject of children's ages is the one touchy point of a lady on a car, and every one of them seems to feel insulted if her word is doubted.

"Almost all the time I ran a car between a summer resort and a city. During the pleasant days, when few passengers were on the car, the long ride between stations was enjoyable. But on a Saturday evening, when the rain began to come down in bucketfuls about ten o'clock,



and a grand rush was made for cars home, then it was work to go through a car, and climb around the men on the running board, getting gloriously wet in the meantime. Suddenly the lights go out, and some one kindly remarks that the 'trolley is off.' Worse than that, the trolley rope has broken, and the spring at the base of the trolley holds it straight up in the air. Then the conductor has a chance to climb up on the top of the car, and in the pouring rain re-fasten the rope. Sarcastic comments from the darkness below occasionally float up, and assist wonderfully

in handling the cold, wet, nasty trolley. Perhaps on a later trip from the park that evening some young 'sport' (def: 'something that rides on an electric car between the hours of 11.30 and 1 a. m.; main object in life, to bother the conductor') pulls the trolley off while you are collecting fares, and you have to sloop around in a muddy country road and try to hit the wire with the trolley. It is impossible to see a thing in the darkness and rain.

"In spite of all these little things, it is fun to work on the rear end. I wouldn't miss my summer's experience for anything."

"The Heavenly Twins."

Uncle Martin Replies to a Few Correspondents.

Westman: Your idea for an artistic arrangement of the hair is very good, but I should suggest that you wear two braids instead of one, and thus even more nearly copy the styles of the Dark Ages.

Grafter: "Although Bates bated, Gaston gassed on." Say, that is about the worst I've heard yet. Please don't send in any more like that.

Cleo: Do not be alarmed. If you sleep on your right side, have plenty of air in the room, and do not eat too heartily before retiring, you need not fear that you will dream in Greek, as we are told Ascham did. You are in no danger, anyway.

George B.: Thank you for your congratulations on my last month's effort. The "Don'ts for Freshmen," otherwise known as the "Gospel of Class A," was inspired from the heart. I await futher inspiration, but hope it won't come the same way.

Hennerly: Your advertisement, reading: "Wanted: A woman weighing 300 pounds to press pants," cannot be inserted in this number for lack of space. Please send freight charges for its return.



Art Students' Visit to Celebrated Model.

By the invitation of Antonio Corsi, a few members of our portrait class spent an interesting and profitable afternoon in his studio. A more interesting room for its size would be hard to find. Two of the walls were hung with picturesque costumes of many kinds and countries. All other available space was decorated with sketches—evidently gifts from students—and photographs. Even the ceiling had its share.

Among the costumes were those of the bandit and fisherman, and other picturesque bits of Italian peasant dress; a beautiful Japanese gown of silk, embroidered in gold and silver wire; the kilts and blue bonnet of the Scotch Highlander. An Indian costume richly decorated with beads was one of the finest. A costume especially rich in color was that of the cavalier of the stirring times of "good Queen Bess."

In the last two costumes Mr. Corsi kindly posed for us, and we have as a result some interesting souvenirs of our visit. Mr. Corsi is a very agreeable man, and his dialect adds a piquancy to his conversation which is delightful.

As darkness fell, we took our leave. Mr. Corsi, in the twilight at the door, in Indian dress, seemed to add the mystery of a dream, and made a fitting termination to our visit.

A Senior.

Exchange Notes.

We are glad to enter into the life of the schools from which we have received exchanges. We hope that the intercourse may be of mutual benefit, and that our circle of exchange friends may be widened each month.

The Newton High School Review is the best exchange we have received. We would recommend every school to read and profit by the article on "School Spirit."

The Cambridge Latin and High School Review is excellent, especially the illustrations. "Fun" is a clever heading.

The Owl, from Rockford, Ill., is a bright little publication.

The Concord Voice is well tuned, with the exception of a rather harsh note of color in the red cord binding with the robin's-egg-blue cover. We would suggest a dark blue to harmonize with the printing.

The CENTER OF VISION has a "fellow feeling" for the first efforts of the Killingly High School Echo, Danielson, Conn. We wish it further success.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."

—Ex.

The Beacon, of Chelsea, shines through many bright short stories. The current events column is an excellent "ray."

The Drury Academe, North Adams—a bi-weekly paper!—requires an active staff and willing contributors to meet such frequent publications. The result fulfills the requirement.

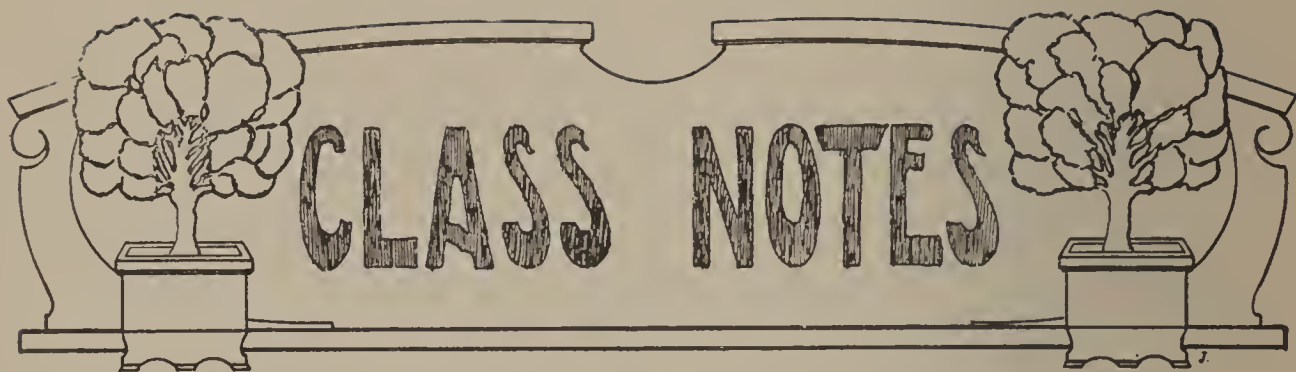
The Crimson and White, of Lowell, and the Review, of Gloucester, are noticeably lacking in illustrations, a common fault.

The High School Student, Bridgeport, Conn., promises an amusing complication of identities in the serial story, "Her Uncle's Neice."

Cherry and White is consistent in choosing colors for its cover. The college alumni notes show a desire to follow the progress of the graduates of its school.

The Alpha, Greenfield, does homage to the fringed gentian in its fall number cover design.

*The exchanges may be seen by applying to the Exchange Editor.



Olive Gage.

1904.

Belle Cameron.

We have organized!

Hurrah for '04!

Class officers are as follows: President, Frederic Elton; vice-president, Ruth Jackson; secretary, Martha Webber; treasurer, William Price.

The class is now at work on the Freshmen reception, to be held December 3. A dance committee is organized, and Class A is to send two members.

Pen-and-ink drawing is a subject much neglected in this school. Do the other classes know that our principal, Mr. Bartlett, is soon to publish a large and comprehensive book on the art, illustrated by his own drawings?

Laura Marceau.

1905.

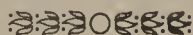
E. Pamela Payne.

The two individuals above named will cordially welcome the assistance of all members of the widely-separated Junior class in obtaining class notes for this column. This means you.

The visit last month of a native Hindu priest in full robes of gamboge hue was almost as interesting to us as it must have been to him.

The rumor that a club is being organized for the purpose of buying a phonograph to record lectures is wholly groundless.

Is the applause which greets the end of Professor Monroe's lectures due to the lecture,—or to the end?



The guide was guiding a guy. As the guide guided the guy, the guide guyed the guy, until the guy would no longer be guyed by a guide whom he had hired not to guy, but to guide him. So the guyed guy guyed the guide. No wonder everybody guyed the guyed guide guiding the guyed guy.—Ex.

Grace Patten.

1906.

Frank Allen.

An open letter:—

Why does not the Massachusetts Normal Art School have a school flag? All other colleges and institutions of great renown have their own colors flying.

Every day when I pass the Technology Chambers on my way to and from school, I see a variety of college flags. There comes to me this question, Why don't Normal Art School show their colors as well as other institutions of learning?

As a member of the class of 1906, I suggest that we have a school flag so as to show our colors, as well as the other colleges.

Can not some of our students suggest an appropriate design for our Massachusetts Normal Art School flag? Trixy.

There is nothing slow about the class of 1906. By the way, when are we going to have a class meeting? Tuesday, November 24.

Marie Read.

1907.

Helen Lyons.

LEARNING TO SEE.

We're learning how to use our eyes,
 In truth, it is a task,
 For whene'er we do our charcoal work,
 Our teacher comes to ask:—
 "Have you used your blur-glass on this group?
 Just scan the dark and light;
 That object there is far too black,
 And this is much too bright.
 "And is this stout, or is it thin?
 Too short, or is it tall?
 This object here is much too wide,
 This plinth not right at all.
 "That contour there is well defined,
 In yours 'tis but a blur,
 Just use your cartridge there, and see
 How apt you are to err.
 "Remember black is white, and white is black;
 And plain as plain can be,
 That everything is different
 From the way in which you see.
 "With shot and shell you'll e'er do well,
 The blur-glass helps you, too;
 Just squint your eyes whene'er in doubt,
 And these will pull you through."

—Class A, Mr. Cross.

Art News.

Museum of Fine Arts: Print acquisitions.

Arts and Crafts rooms: Specially approved objects.

St. Botolph Club: Paintings and sculptures.

Boston Architectural Club: Sketches in pencil and water-color by H. P. White. The drawings are all from Italian cities, and were made in the years 1901 and 1902.

Hubbard's Gallery: Group exhibition.

Williams and Everett: Recent etchings.

Fogg Museum: Drawings by Turner.

Boston Public Library: Exhibition in fine arts department of reproductions from Sandro Botticelli's illustrations to Dante's "Divine Comedy." The copies shown were made from the originals in the British Museum and the Vatican. These drawings should interest our History of Painting students.

Frank W. Benson, the Boston artist, was recently awarded the Carnegie prize of \$1,500 for his painting, entitled "Woman Reading." This is the most sought for art prize in the country. Mr. Benson has two pictures now on exhibition at the St. Botolph Club.—L. M. Marceau.



Fraternity Notes.

Hand-decorated (?) paint coats are so common a sight that it takes something unusual to attract attention. But when several fellows appear quietly and simultaneously with a large red T on their left sleeves, questions begin to be asked. The red T is the outward symbol of a fraternity banded together for mutual artistic and social welfare, under the name of the Tilers. Initiations are frequent.

Some of Class A wear the letter "Z." To remind them that they have only begun the alphabet, and that the end must be kept in sight?

Another club expresses itself as follows:—

What? L. G.

When? Now.

Where? Here.

Why? Because. K. M.

Motto: M. R. B. B. S. L. H. My!

The answer to the fourth question easily reveals the sex of the members.

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or supervise Drawing and the
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tical, that is, twice the size it will
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